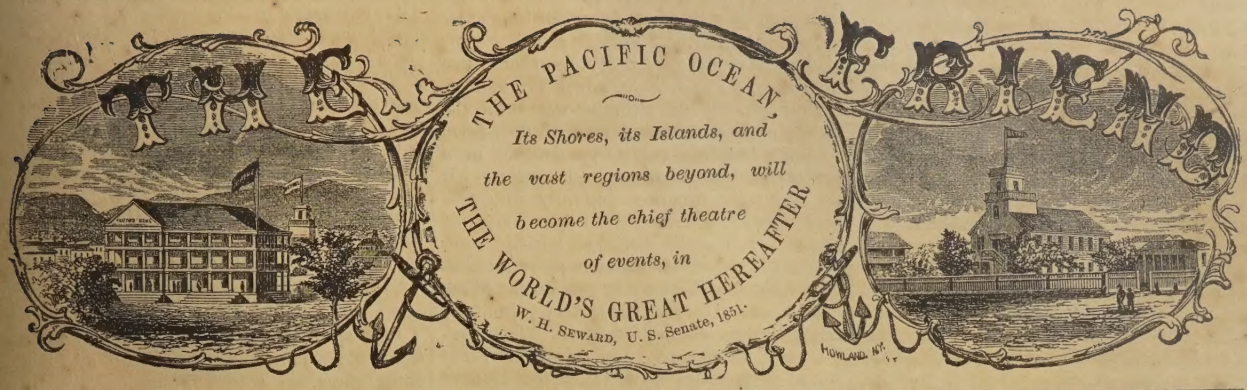
THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast regions beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, Vol. 26, No. 6.} HONOLULU, JUNE 1, 1877. {Old Series, Vol. 34.

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THE FRIEND.

JUNE 1, 1877.

"The Brunonian."—This is the title of a college monthly, published by the undergraduates of Brown University, Rhode Island. In the list of editors we recognize the name of R. W. Burbank, formerly of Koloa, Kauai. He is a member of the graduating class of '78. A brother is also a member of the same University. One of the articles is written by Burbank, and contains some very discriminating remarks upon the characters in Dicken's novels, and entitled "Mark Tapley's Theory of Cheerfulness." We intend to keep an eye upon our "island boys" who are among the rising literary celebrities of the passing age, for should any of them write an "Epic," we wish our islands to have the honor of being his birth-place. History tells us that seven cities of Greece contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer, now our Hawaiian Islands may yet be honored with giving birth to some genius vieing with Homer, Virgil, Dante, or Milton. There now lies on our table the N. Y. Galaxy, with a choice bit of criticism upon Wordworth's Poetry, by Dr. T. M. Coan. We have good reason to be proud of our island writers abroad in the literary world.

Since penning the above our attention has been arrested, in reading "our exchanges," with the following items. This is from the Pacific, claiming a most promising young Yale Collegian, whereas young Beckwith is a native of Honolulu: "Frank Beckwith has just carried off the $50 prize at the Junior Exhibition at Yale College; and W. C. Merritt has just distinguished himself as the champion debater in the Sophomore class at the same institution. Both of these young men are really Californians, and sons of Congregational ministers."

In the Scientific American, January 20th, 1877, we notice most honorable mention of young Hillebrand, experimenting with chemicals, in a German University, Heidelberg: "The rare metals of the earth, cerium, lanthanum, didymium, have been prepared and studied by Hillebrand and Norton."

The Tidal Wave.—In the dearth of all foreign news during the past month, the tidal wave and its effects have furnished an ever fruitful topic of conversation. No end to the number of theories upon the subject, all of which will vanish now that the cause is known. Our neighbors, the *Advertiser* and *Gazette*, have fully published particulars,—suffice it, the water rose and fell in Honolulu about five feet; at Kahului, on Maui, sixteen feet; at Hilo, thirty-two feet; at Kealakekua, thirty feet; at Kauai, about three feet, and the north side of Oahu, three feet.

☞ We are most happy, to acknowledge contributions, in answer, to the appeal of Miss Bird, for the Livingstone Medical School, from the Hon. Mrs. Bishop, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pogue, Mrs. Daniel Smith, and the promise of additional aid from others. The smallest favors thankfully received. The "Courier," to sail in about three weeks, for Bremen, will take whatever may be sent forward. Articles may be sent to our office or that of Capt. Daniel Smith.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society will be held at the residence of Rev. S. C. Damon, on Thursday afternoon and evening, June 7. All members and others interested are requested to attend without further notice.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.—No. 5.

WHAT IS THE CHARM?

I have now been nearly four months in Geneva, and am beginning to wish for the commencement of my summer rambles, that I may have something new to tell you. But every one says, there is a kind fatality about Geneva. People come here for a few days only, but the days grow into weeks, and in some cases the weeks become months, until finally the dwellers count by years and not by days, and they call this city, by the lake, "Home." Botanists and scientists tell us of a time when palms, instead of pines, flourished in the Alps; when the warmth of tropical suns dwelt in regions now grown chill and cold with the breath of glaciers, and when rare and graceful ferns grew into beauty, which still lingers, phantom-like, in the delicate traceries of the frost. May it not be that the fragrance of the Lotus is still to be found in these winter-fastnesses, and that by the shores of Lake Leman men, unconsciously pluck the subtle and magical flower and fruit from "the enchanted stem," and in eating forget that other and distant lands and scenes are calling to them? Whatever the charm may be, it is fast beginning to act upon me, and the longer I stay, the stronger it grows.

I think much of this charm lies in the choice society one meets here. In the cultured and religious and scientific "upper circles" of Geneva, there is much earnest and thoughtful life. You would be surprised to see how wide a range of reading many ladies have here. In some of the old houses of the city where the "Calvinistic Aristocracy" entrench themselves, you would find a pride of family and brains as strong, I suppose, as in any part of the world. A cultivated Christian Swiss lady is about as delightful a being as you meet this side of the better land.

No city could more quickly and eloquently voice to the new comer the mighty history of the past, and the possibilities of the future. And in this, perhaps, is something of the secret of the mysterious charm which Geneva has for those who come here, and who find it so hard to leave, yet thousands of visitors come, catch glimpses of the quiet lake and grand old Alps, and then pass on forgetful or ignorant of the cloud of

memories which surround Geneva, and give to it a charm such as, perhaps, no other city in the wide world possesses. All those who love to look into the history of grand and momentous achievements, who would see the putting forth of the germs of political and religious freedom, and who would trace their upward and onward growth, who would draw inspiration and enthusiasm from the mission of courageous and heroic souls, should come to this grand old citadel of liberty and reformation, and from its own lips hear its noble history. I find myself straying into odd, wandering streets, narrow and dark, to some perhaps, and yet to others bright with gleams of light which grow more and more vivid as one hears the story which they are so willing to tell to him. Then there is the Geneva of to-day, bright, sparkling, beautiful, even in winter, and wonderfully so in summer. Here too, is the fairest lake in all the world, where glorious mountains love to mirror themselves. Its shores are musical with famous names and incidents, and for all who come it has some special message. Is there any need to wonder after after all why every one longs once to see Geneva, and seeing it once to come again?

I have been interested lately in glancing at some pages in a French book on Lausaune, where the efforts of the great Vinet were so strongly felt, while scientific thought during this century, flowered and bore fruit in Geneva, it is in Lausaune, farther up the lake, that we find the deep, fervid religious movement of some of the most earnest and gifted men of their time. How one revels in all these thought-associations which girdle the lake.

BYRON AND THE VILLA DIODATI.

Just out of Geneva, on the crest of the hill over-looking the lake, and nestling among the vineyards, is the Villa Diodati, the home of Byron in 1816. The name of Milton is also associated with this picturesque spot, but it is resorted to especially as a sort of literary Mecca by the admirers of the more modern and erratic bard. Starting from the English Gardens we rambled slowly along the shore of the lake. A fine paved walk stretches off most invitingly before us in the warmth and beauty of this Saturday afternoon in the early spring. Of course the lake goes with us. One never thinks of going anywhere without the companionship of these friendly waters. You may lose the Alps, and be deserted for days by Mount Blanc, but Leman will still remain, each morning and evening bringing some new message, till its fair surface grows strangely familiar, and every ripple is a voice for those who listen. No one ever learned its secret and told it to the world with such perfect truth and grace as did Byron, whose home we are now seeking. Many pleasant homes lie along our way. Here live some of the choicest of the old Genevese families. Noble trees, with their stately and towering branches, seem to watch with a tender guardianship over the quiet chateaux which stand in their midst. We turn from the high road and take this picturesque path which leads up to the little town of Cologny, with its quiet street and quaint houses. Its little church, with the tablet to one of the Diodati family, tells us that the villa can not be far away. But here come our guides, the whole village school. How gladly these laughing boys and girls rush from the old school-room, down through the narrow and shadowy alley-way into the beauty of the sunshine, of which they seem a part! Our little company advances in a sort of triumphal procession, no one can bar the way when we are so gallantly attended. So we go on, and our little Swiss girl guide brings us to the villa-lodge, so buried under the ivy that we might have passed it altogether but for the two tiny windows which looked out at us like friendly eyes from the midst of this wealth of verdure. The family were in the city for the winter, but would we see the little villa for Byron's sake, just the same? Most gladly, and with the sound of keys and opening of many doors, we are ushered into the presence of old portraits of the Diodati family and of Byronic memories. Who couldn't have been a poet here? we all said in a breath. Such mountains, such a lake, such skies! The afternoon is fast hastening toward the sunset. The long line of the Jura, with its spotless draperies of snow, outlines itself on a soft and warmly tinted sky; the lake, with its blue waters, hushed to perfect calm, lies at the foot of the vine-clad slopes before us; its farthest shores lost in a veil of haze, a boat, with snowy sails, rests like a white winged bird on the mirror-like surface, sporting with its image in thecrystal depths. Is it any wonder that Byron sought, amid this beauty, some balm for those wild and turbid thoughts and fancies which so fiercely ruled him? But we have almost forgotten the object of our quest, the villa itself. The Diodati family was of Italian origin, and numbered, in different generations, many distinguished names. But they are all eclipsed by that of the young poet whose room still remains as when he wrote "Manfred," and the third canto of "Childe Harold" here. In the corner stands the old fashioned writing desk, where imaginative relic-hunters search in vain for some souvenir. But it is locked to all intrusive thoughts and fingers, and if it guards any secrets of poetic inspiration, it guards them well. But the inspiration must be found rather in that glorious world without on which Byron looked with such penetrating glance. There is a little balcony, tangled with vines upon which his chamber opened and we have enjoyed the fancy that here he stood and listened to that still music of the night and stars which he has so exquisitely echoed for us in these verses from Childe Harold:

"It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more.

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still:—from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is all of Creator and defence."

We came home laden with ivy, which was all we could bring in our hands, but with memories for life of that fair and sunny afternoon amid such beauty as the greatest of our poets can not put fully in words, only hint at in the most splendid verse. The sun had sunk behind the Jura, and the shadows begun to fall about the homes of the city as we entered Geneva.

SPRING DAYS.

Our spring began in February, and while from Italy even, came complaints of cold and chilly days, we were sunning ourselves in genial warmth. First the primroses came, hardly daring to lift up their little heads, and now they are making bright every field and every "river brink." While the snow lay about on every hand, they opened their buds and every one knew that though March might bring wind and storm, that after all winter was really gone. Along the path where I take my daily walk, I find that the hawthorne hedge is each new morning budding into life; delicate leaves here and there almost unfolded, but in a timid, half-frightened way. In all the hedges there is a growing chorus of bird-voices. At first I only knew they had come back to us by a startled and swift "whirr" of little wings as I passed that way, but now there is a twittering which sometimes swells to full, clear notes, and for the last few mornings I have heard them singing with all the force of their glad little hearts and throats. Summer must be a glad time for the trees in Switzerland. They have such a barbarous way here of lopping off the branches and boughs and twigs, till long avenues look like poor scarred veterans. All winter long the willows hold up their maimed bodies to heaven in silent protest. Every inch of superfluous growth is utilized in this land of thrift and economy, and the neat baskets for the markets and the faggots for the winter fire, are of more value than symmetry and beauty in the trees by the road side. There is something pathetically heroic in the way some of them have borne, for generations, this mutilation, putting forth a vigorous gtowth of shoots, only to lose them again, never flinching, but always ready when sought again. They are the most ridiculous looking things in the world, all gnarled and twisted, covered with hard, ugly looking scars, mere stumps. But their beauty is coming to them daily. How eager all the world of trees seems to put on its summer dress! There are the horse-chestnuts that stretch in long vistas like cathedral aisles, which will, before long, be lost in verdure. Their quaint buds are worth careful study. No mother could more tenderly shield her little one from the winter cold than does that gummed and folded sheath, and the soft, warm cottony bands protect the tiny germ of life within. I shall miss, amid the summer-green, the tall poplars that have shot up like arrows toward the sky, and have claimed no ornament, but the mistletoe which has found a home in this upper world. The old mossy apple and pear trees, which have stood bare and awkward in little stiff rows through all the long

winter, are yearning for their white, rosy draperies. And the grand old oaks, (whose splendid forms have been revealed, not concealed, by the long wreaths of ivy which have made you forget, however, the absence of leaves,) will join this glad summer company rulers of them all. The snows still lie low on the Alps, but the fields are full of busy workmen, and long furrows lie open to the kindly touch of the sunlight. Daily new faces are to be seen upon the streets, heralds of that company which makes Geneva one of the gayest cities in all Europe—in July and August.

IN THE MARKET.

On Wednesday and Saturday mornings one of the principal streets in the city is fairly alive with buyers and sellers, and furnishes a most characteristic and interesting spectacle. Each side of the long winding street is lined with tiny booths, where the sellers shout the praises of their respective goods in the most eloquent French. The market women, with white caps or straw hats, which seem the relics of past generations, are busy with their knitting—and knit and talk and sell all at once. Great baskets of fruits and vegetables; stands of meats and game, of butter and cheese, for which Switzerland is so celebrated, are to be seen in every direction. And of late the flowers have added a new and beautiful feature to the show. You can find everything, from the little bunches of primroses and violets which the girls have gathered in the fields, still fresh and dewy, to the rarest of roses and camelias. To the market come all the house-keepers of Geneva, and it is the most democratic place in the city, every one is brimful of eager talk, and all up and down the street passes and repasses this animated procession, which seems more like a crowd on a fete day than a company of people busy about the most practical employment of the day. Few subjects of public or private interest but are here discussed, and he who would know the hearts of the people should often find his way to the market place.

WATCH-MAKING.

Geneva is famous all the world over for its watches, and the majority of people who have never stopped to think or read about its mountains and lake are fully acquainted with the advantages of a watch from this city. It is said that time-pieces were manufactured here as early as the sixteenth century, and from that time to this it has been one of the leading trades of Geneva. To a stranger on entering the city, the box-like roofs of glass on many of the houses are very singular and striking. Here the busy workmen sit and work at their delicate trade, for which they require the most perfect light. Here you will see men whose fathers and grandfathers before them devoted their lives to the same business and passed it on as a kind of heritage to them. Whole families sometimes occupy themselves in the work and they feel the greatest pride in doing their work in the most perfect and complete manner possible. In this democratic republic many of the best citizens have been identified with the occupation and sometimes they have risen to positions of eminence in the State: Here arose the "School of Watch-making" which has a world-wide fame and a diploma from which was so highly prized. Its branches of study are worthy of notice, as they embrace mathematics, designing, painting, engraving, polishing and setting of precious stones, enamelling, and chemistry. The trained manufacturer must know the general principles of each. It has resulted from this vigorous and exact discipline that the workmanship has been of the highest kind. There are annually manufactured here about one hundred and fifty thousand watches. But of late years the splendid success of the large American manufacturies has been a great blow to the industry here.

I visited lately the famous establishment of Messrs. Patek, Phillipe & Co., where I had an opportunity of seeing on how extensive a scale the manufacture is conducted by a single house. You go up flight after flight until you are almost dizzy with the windings. On each floor is seen some new and interesting development in the growth of this knowing little article. Few persons realize how much labor is expended on a watch before it is ready for sale. There are fourteen different processes in hinging, ornamenting and burnishing the case, etc. Then come forty-seven more for the skilled work. Then the dial demands ten, and the diamond setting five more. One feels a sort of reverence for his watch every time he glances at it and realizes that it has undergone the deft and patient touch of 76 distinct artists and artisans. Then you are shown how watches are heated and frozen to insure them against all changes of temperature. And whole trays of glittering watches are spread out before you in such profusion that you are almost confused at the sight. There are round, awkward silver watches, so uncomfortably big and bulky and looking as much out of place amid the glitter and sheen of gold and diamonds as that great, bronzed peasant who is passing would in a French drawing room, and the other extreme is a tiny watch with enamelled case, that you could hide under your finger. This belongs to a Russian Princess and is valued at five thousand francs. Then follow rich but simple cases in gold; and then more pretentious ones crusted with diamonds and pearls, with elaborate crests and monograms. There are quaint and tiny watches hidden away under the form of a helmet, or hanging in a pendant ball to a chain and watches in rings, or others that chime the hours most musically or are marvels of skillful and inventive ability, the dial being a perfect maze of little, darting hands and wise figures. You are shown too great books with the history of the making of each watch, and the persons to whom they have been sold. How interesting it would be if we could follow over the wide world the thousands and thousands of watches that have gone out from this one establishment which we have been visiting?

FERNEX, THE HOME OF VOLTAIRE.

One cannot picture a greater contrast between two men than between Calvin, the reformer and Voltaire, the scoffer. Yet they have both rendered the same city famous and he who visits the Rue de Chanoines and the Cathedral of St. Pierre visits generally Fernex where Voltaire had for so many years his chateau. It is a most charming drive or walk from the town, just within the French Frontier. The snowy-line of the Jura faces you as you go, and the grand plain which lies at their base stretches out to right and left dotted with little villages and country seats. I can remember that as a child I felt that there must be some peculiarity to mark the passage from one country to another, that somehow one would instinctively know that he had passed from Switzerland into France; but the two republics, Protestant and Catholic, lie very peaceably side by side and the "diligence" carries you from one to the other in the most matter of fact of manner. Voltaire first lived nearer Geneva at the "Delices," where he opened his theatre and undertook to efface if possible the institutions established by Calvin and to place in their stead a brilliant worldliness. In 1759 he removed to Fernex which was then a collection of a few houses, but owing to the vast extent of his influence and his almost imperial sway it rapidly grew to be a village of considerable size. A noble avenue leads up from the high road to the chateau which stands a little back. There is nothing at all striking about the building itself, but in the palmy days of its sceptical owner it was the most famous point in Europe, casting Palaces of Kings and Emperors in the shade. There is something marvelous in the way in which he ruled, courted and flattered by the renowned and titled, feeding his prodigious vanity on the fulsome praise of these embasies which gathered at his court, and dazzled the eyes of the simple villages by their brilliant equipages. From this point he darted his satiric shafts at the austerities of Geneva, and strove to lead the youth of the quiet city at his bidding. His bed room and sitting room still remain as he left them, and the visitor is still shown the mausoleum which the Marchioness de Villette intended to contain his heart. The garden with its splendid view of Mont Blanc is interesting and here you see the arbour where the tragedy of "Irene" was composed. Voltaire built a chapel, placing over the entrance "Deo erexit Voltaire," as some one has said "with incredible arrogance, by way of informing the world at large, that the creature did the Creator the honor of acknowledging his existence and was finally reconciled to him."

The building is near the chateau but with the lapse of time has been changed into a farm house. The relics are few in number but the greatness of the name which is connected with them draws many to Fernex "the mecca of unbelievers." It is a visit, however, which is full of reminders of a life of bitterness, sarcasm, irreverence and disregard of that which in religion is of the highest value to the Christian believer. From Fernex Voltaire removed to Paris where he died not long after a prey to the most distressing fears, his death serving as the strongest argument against the doctrines and teachings of his life. Undoubtedly others will arise to mislead and delude the generations, but they shall not stay the advance of righteousness and Christianity in the world, but vanish as Voltaire has done.

F. W. Damon.

Geneva, April 2nd, 1877.

THE FRIEND.

JUNE 1, 1877.

THE BLESSING OF TO-DAY.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced birds have flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone.
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed of such beauty
As adorns the month to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessing of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

The Nautigon.

We learn from the Scientific American for February 10, 1877, that the late President of Harvard University, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, has discovered a new method, or has invented an instrument by which navigation will be essentially improved and aided. The instrument is manufactured by C. H. Farley of Portland, Maine, "It solves instantly by mere inspection, without the use of tables, any problem in spherical trigonomitry, with sufficient accuracy for the principal problems of practical navigation. It requires no more time and no more mathematics to work out an observation by this instrument than to take the sun with the sextant. Thus, with a sextant, chronometer and *Nautigon*, the navigator needs no logarithmic tables."

☞ We would gratefully acknowledge, the communication from W. M. Gibson, Esq., upon career the and sad fate of the great French Navigator, La Perouse. It merits special perusal. We were not before aware, that his life was coincident with events of such importance in American annals. The little incident connected with the island of Lanai, is quite noteworthy. The sad fate of the unfortunate navigator and his brave companions, is most touching and melancholy.

☞ By the steamer returned H. Berger, Esq., who has visited Europe. He comes back to become an Hawaiian subject, and resume his position as Band Master, which he formerly occupied with so much delight to the lovers of music. Mr. F. W. Schmidt, who has officiated as Band Master during the past year, returns to San Francisco. His successful career at the islands is highly creditable to his musical talent.

NAVAL.—On Monday afternoon His Imperial Majesty's Corvette Bayan arrived from San Francisco, having made the trip down in 12 days. The Bayan carries 10 guns, and 250 men. The following is her list of officers:

Admiral Pouzino,
Captain Boyle,
1st Officer, Bauer,
2nd " Kirsanoff,
3rd " Skvorzoff,
4th " Guthan,
Paymaster, Larine,
Sub-lieutenants, Welhelms, Helmholz, Kisiloff, Abaza, Coube, Schishmaroff, Slavlansky.
Navigating Officers, Durkin, Felizin, Egermann,
Engineers, Lindebeck, Sideroff, Kandratieff,
Artillery Officers, Ivanoff,
Doctor, Brandt,
Chaplain, Father Alexander,
Staff of Admiral.
Flag Captain, Boyle,
Flag Officers, Tchervinsky, Charon,
Auditor in chief, Baron Schlippenbach.

—*Hawaiian Gazette, May 30th.*

THE MORNING STAR, is expected to sail about the middle of this month, on her annual visit to all the Micronesian Missionary Stations. Persons wishing to forward letters or packages, should be punctual. We are specially requested by Capt. Colcord, to call for newspapers and pamphlets for distribution among foreigners living on remote islands in the Pacific.

☞ We would acknowledge copies of catalogue of Amherst College for 1877-78; 51st annual report of N. Y. Mercantile Library Association (163,000 in library); annual report of Athens (in Ohio) hospital for the insane.

— Also papers for gratuitous distribution from Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Parker, Miss Harris, Mrs. Allen, and His Ex. H. A. Peirce, Minister Resident.

☞ Ex-President Grant has sailed for England.

☞ Prince Bismarck has been recalled to his former post.

CORDIAL WELCOME.—We are most happy to welcome Rev. Dr. Chas. M. Hyde and family and Rev. Dr. E. Pease, the former to labor at the Hawaiian Islands, and the latter to be stationed at the Marshall Islands. Mrs. Logan has returned from San Francisco with improved health, and will sail in the *Morning Star* for Ascension.

ORIGIN OF THE TIDAL WAVE.—News has been received by the steamer, that the cause of the disturbance in our waters was the severe earthquake, which took place in South America, destroying the city of Iquique. many of the inhabitants perished, but the shipping was uninjured.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS.—The *Pacific*, of San Francisco, says that the Chinese Christians in that city do more Christian work and pay more money in proportion to their ability, than any other class of Christians there. Good evidence surely of true conversion.

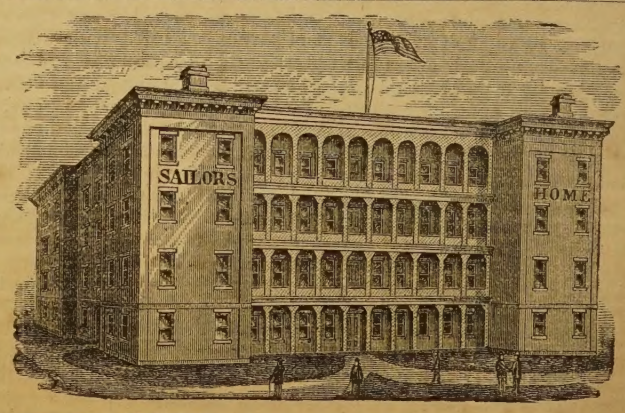
☞ Charles Warren Stoddard, so well known at the islands, is now at Constantinople, and his "153d" letter, for the San Francisco Chronicle, appears in its issue of the 17th of May.

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Hyde of Brimfield, and family, will start for the Sandwich Islands about the first of April, where he has an appointment at the head of the theological seminary. His history of Brimfield will be put to press before he leaves.

—*Springfield Republican.*

Information Wanted.

Respecting Captain GEO HAMILTON, of yacht Peerless, which visited Honolulu about two years ago, and has since became famous as having been seized by an English man-of-war at the Samoa Islands. Information sent to the Editor of the FRIEND, or to J & D Mitchell, Pathhead, Fifeshire, Scotland, will be thankfully received.



SEAMEN'S HOME, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA!

HARRISON, BETWEEN MAIN AND SPEAR STREETS.

THROUGH THE EXERTIONS OF THE LADIES' SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and the liberality of the General Government, a SEAMAN'S HOME is now being fitted up on Harrison, between Main and Spear streets, to which seamen of all nations are invited to make their home while in this port.

The Building is of brick, large and commodious, fronting on three streets, commanding a fine view of the harbor and city, conveniently located near the center of the water front, and capable of accommodating about 500 lodgers, with good dining room, reading and smoking room, chapel, etc. The house will be conducted on strict temperance principles, like similar homes in other parts of this country and Europe.

Rev. Dr. John Hall taught the people in words of wisdom, last week. To an assembly of working men he laid down such sound principles of the relations of capital and labor as would, if heeded, preserve the kindest of feelings between employed and employer. He showed the folly of making war on capitalists, as every man is a capitalist just so soon as he gets a little money ahead of his expenses. At the funeral of a rich man, who died by his own hand while insane, Dr. Hall urged upon men of business moderation in the pursuit of riches, to study the laws of health, and, above all, to set their affections supremely on things above.

Blessed are the children of faithful Christian parents, whose lips are taught to lisp the Saviour's name, whose little feet are turned early toward the Cross of Jesus and the throne of God.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

May 1—Haw bk Courier, Ahlborn, 148 days from Bremen.
3—P M S City of New York, Cobb, 7 days and 9 hours from San Francisco.
3—Am wh bk Mercury, Brooks, from New Bedford.
4—Am schr Jos Woolley, Briggs, 13 days from Jarvis Island, en route for San Francisco.
5—Am wh bk Progress, Hawes, from New Bedford.
9—Brit wh bk Progress, Hawes, from New Bedford.
11—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, 16 dys from San Francisco, via Hilo, Hawaii.
11—Am wh sh Milton, Stivers, from New Bedford.
13—Am bktne Victor, Sievert, 26 days fm Port Gamble
15—Am wh bk Thos Pope, Lavers, 160 days from New Bedford.
16—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 17 days from Port Gamble.
19—Am wh bk Pacific, Smithers, from New Bedford via Hilo, Hawaii.
21—Am bk Brontes, Sadler, 27 days from San Francisco
23—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, 19 dys fm Sydney

DEPARTURES.

May 2—Am brig Hesperian, Winding, for San Fryncisco.
3—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for Sydney.
4—Am schr Jos Woolley, Briggs, for San Francisco.
5—Am schr E J McKinnon, Redfield, for Arctic.
5—Am wh bk Mercury, Brooks, for Arctic.
7—Am schr Loleta, Dexter, for Arctic.
8—Am wh bk Progress, Lapham, for Arctic.
10—Am bktne Discovery, Shepherd, for San Francisco.
12—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, fr Portland
12—Am wh bk W A Farnsworth, Keenan, for Arctic.
16—Am wh bk Milton, Hamblin, for Arctic.
19—Brit bk Marama, Domine, for Tahiti.
19—Am bktne Victor, Sievert, for Port Gamble.
22—Am bk Coringa, Josselyn, for Hongkong.
22—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Port Gamble.
23—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Francisco
23—Am wh bk Thomas Pope, Adams, for Arctic.
23—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, for San Francisco.
25—Am wh bk Pacific, Smithers, for Arctic.

MEMORANDA.

Report of British bk W A Farnsworth, C Hamill, Master.—Sailed from New Bedford Dec 14th, 1876; 35 days to the Equator, crossed it in long 29° W; 31 days to lat 50° South Atlantic; 26 days to lat 50° South Pacific; experienced the usual weather off Cape Horn, with an unusual quantity of rain; touched at Juan Fernandez, thence SE trades to lat 4° S; crossed the Equator in the Pacific April 13th, thence calms and light airs until the 25th, in lat 6° N, long 118° W, then light NE trades; sighted Maui May 8th. Took 200 bbls of oil and 1200 lbs bone on the passage. Spoke the following vessels: Mar 26th, lat 51° 30' S, long 68° W, bark Pacific, with 70 bbls of sperm and 3 right whales; lat 37° S, long 77° W, bark Thomas Pope, with 90 bbls of sperm, and her mainmast head badly sprung; off Juan Fernandez, bark Napoleon oil not repored. Ships are doing well on Chile.

Report of Am bk D C Murray, A Fuller, Master.—Left San Francisco April 18th, at 6 p m, in tow of tug Joe Redmond; first 3 days out strong breeze from N and W, which afterwards hauled to N and E, and continued so the balance of passage; arrived at Hilo May 3rd; discharged about 150 ton, cargo, and took in 170 bbls sperm oil from bark Pacific, Capt Smithers. Left Hilo on Wednesday the 9th, in tow of stmr Kilauea, and arrived at Honolulu on the 11th.

Report of Am wh sh Milton, Stivers, Master.—Sailed from New Bedford Dec 28th, 1876, for Honolulu and the Arctic; second day out had heavy SE and NE gales, and veered around to SW and W, and blowed with great violence for 14 days, had all the boats stove on the cranes. Jan 1st, running under lower-topsails and foresail, shipped a heavy sea carrying away starboard boat and davit, and with her the carpenter Norman J Kelly, and was lost. Passed through the Straits of Le Maire Mar 5th, and by Cape Horn on the 7th. Had light winds from the Cape to Juan Fernandez. Crossed the Equator April 22d. Passed Hawaii on the morning of May 10th; hove-to off Dimond Head at midnight.

Report of Am wh bk Thomas Pope, Lavers, Master.—Left New Bedford Dec 6, 1876; had light winds the entire passage; off Cape Horn had light winds from N to NW; from the Equator to this port had winds light and variable from N to ESE, with occasional calms and squalls of rain. Took 209 bbls sperm oil on the passage.

Report of P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, Commander.—Left Sydney at 3 p m, May 4th, and cleared Sydney Heads at 3.45 p m; arrived at Auckland May 9th, at 10 a m, and left same day at 6.45 p m—did not call at Kandavu. May 10th, at 11 a m, Royal, eldest son of J D and Lydia Dimond, died of acute enteritis, aged 2 years and 2 months, was buried the same day at 5 p m. Arrived at Honolulu May 23d.

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco—Per Mary Belle Roberts, April 29—E K Chapman, G C Zeh, G M S King, Chas J Bagge, Miss Elenor Bagge, J H Ranour, F G Maeder, D Bolte and wife, F B Swain, Jno A Lovelace, Mr Thompson.

From San Francisco—Per City of New York, May 3—Mrs S Steen and infant, Mrs Vandenburgh and daughter, Mrs A A and C W Gray, C O Hamblin, Paymaster J R Carmody, wife and 2 children, W H Bradley and wife, J H Paty and wife, J W Pfluger, B F Dillingham, W E Callahan, M J McLane, Miss E Mount, Miss Rena, Miss M Mitchell, T J Godfrey, Mrs Jas Fletcher, F R Mellis, A Palen, H Tyler, W E Foster, W F White, Jas Hermann, O Sheridan, W G Poole, and 3 Chinese.

For Sydney—Per City of New York, May 3—A Wood, Jas Earle.

For San Francisco—Por Discovery, May 10—T W Sturgiss and wife, M Barnes.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murray, May 11—Geo H Payne and wife, Mrs Dr A G Soule and daughter, J M Flood, J St C Wilson, C H Wallace, wife and 4 children, G M Luke and son, A Kline.

For Portland—Per Jane A Falkinburg, May 12—J Bryce, wife and 4 children, J M Chancey, R Hobson, Mrs L Joseph.

For Tahiti—Per Marama, May 19—R Gourley, Mrs Stillwell, M J Koning.

From Sydney—Per City of Sydney, May 23—Mrs Barnard and 3 daughters, Signor Biscacianti, Fred Barclay and wife, G Putty, F Mossman, Jno Howcroft, M Kaluonda.

For San Francisco—Per City of Sydney, May 23—H R H Princess Likelike Cleghorn, S Parker and wife, Mrs J M Smith, Hon S G Wilder and servant, H T B Harris, wife and child, J H Black, H F Poor, T R Foster, Jas L Flood, J S Wilson, G H Payne and wife, C N Bartlett, Capt T Hawes, Mrs C H Lewers and 5 children, H Haussman, G W Macfarlane, F A Anderson, F Silva, Jos George, W Brause, W Christmann, Misses J and E Warren, Mrs C Dunne and child, F H Wild, A Durant, J Miller, G D Nye, J Compton.

For San Fzancisco—Per D C Murray, May 23—Chas J Bagge, Miss Bagge, E K Chapman, Mr King, L P Fisher, Mrs Wallace, Mrs Davis, M Mack, A Peterson, Mrs Peterson and daughter, Mrs Williams, Mrs Frear and daughter, Gen Ames, Mr Lindermann and wife, Miss Gower, Mrs Dunn, J S Andrade, G Walnke, J Bettlestone, M Joseph, Mrs Brooks and child, H Bruns.

MARRIED.

Schmidt—Booth—At Pauoa, near Honolulu, May 1st, by the Rev. W. Frear, Mr. Fred. W. Schmidt to Miss Clara H. Booth.

DIED.

Curtis.—At Kawaihapai, Waianae, Oahu, March 4th, D E Curtis, aged 59 years. An old resident of these islands. ☞ Boston papers please copy.

Jones.—At Lahaina, Maui, May 15th, Mrs Maria Papu Jones, aged 40 years.

Fagan *alias* Williamson.—Drowned in the harbor of Honolulu on the night of the 17th of May, Peter Fagan *alias* Frank Williamson, blacksmith of the Am bk Thos Pope. He is reported 23 years old, and belonging to Brooklyn, N Y, where his parents reside, in Fulton Avenue. His remains were interred in the Nuuanu Cemetery. ☞ New York papers please copy.

Smith.—In this city, May 19th, at the Queen's Hospital, Larrie Smith, from Babylon, Long Island, U S, lately on board the bark Thomas Pope, from New Bedford. ☞ New Bedford papers please copy.

Baker.—In this city, May 23d, at the Queen's Hospital, George Baker, aged 25 years, discharged from whaling bark W A Farnsworth; has friends residing at No 25, 16th street, Brooklyn, N Y—Mr Morris Keenan. ☞ Brooklyn papers please copy.

Weatherbie.—In this city, May 24th, George W Weatherbie, a native of Joliette, Ill, aged about 45 years.

Fine.—In this city, May 24th, Frank Fine, a native of Canada. He had been for many months a beneficiary of the Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society.

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LA PEROUSE.

The name of this distinguished French navigator is enrolled with those of Balboa, Magellan, Mendana, Oxenham, Behring, Cook, and other martyrs to Pacific discovery. They all came to tragic ends, but the fate of the French navigator is perhaps the saddest and most mysterious of all, and surrounded with the most interesting circumstances.

Count Francis Galaup de la Perouse, or Peyrouse, was born at Albi, department of the Tarn, France, in 1741. At the age of fifteen years he was a midshipman in the Royal French Navy, and in 1778 was a distinguished officer, and a zealous champion of American Independence, and rendered valuable services under Admiral d'Estaing in cooperating at sea, with the military operations of Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau on land.

It is distinctly stated, that it was on account of his brilliant conduct as a "hero of the American revolution," that he attracted attention at the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, and Marie Antoinette. This happened at a time in 1784, when the unhappy royal couple were seeking to assuage the dangerous agitation of their people. The long fermenting bitterness of France was beginning to overflow. Calonne and other Ministers of the King urged the necessity of new and enterprising measures, that would divert the attention of the people from the investigation of questions of liberty and of government, which had been largely awakened by the revolution in America. The enlightened Louis, at once planned a naval expedition for circumnavigation and discovery, which he placed under the command of La Perouse. The recent successes of the English navigator Cook had drawn attention to the subject. This good, thoughtful, yet unambitious, and impolitic King laid aside for a while his mechanical amusement of lock making, and with his own royal hands drafted at his palace of Versailles, all the details of a plan of voyage in quest of new lands, and of a new commerce for France. Both he and his noble Queen took great interest in this enterprise; and it was on this occasion, when concerting with his minister of marine respecting vessels for the enterprise, that King Louis refused to purchase the celebrated and fatal diamond necklace for his Queen, remarking at the time; "j'ai plus besoin d'un vaisseau que d'un bijou." I have more need of a ship than of a gem.

The enlightened King after tracing out the line of navigation in quest of discovery to the eastward and southward of the great island of Papua, laid stress in his instructions upon the importance of gaining information about the whale fishery in Pacific and Arctic waters, and about the trade in peltries in the northern seas, and with the peoples of China and Japan. As a humane Prince and a sagacious counseller he gave the most precise instructions to the commander of the expedition to treat all uncivilized or savage people, encountered in the course of the voyage with every possible kindness and courtesy, and to never resort to force against them, except only in cases of absolute self defence. And the patriot monarch concludes his instructions in these

words. "Sa Majeste regarderait comme un des succes les plus heureux de l'expedition qu'elle put etre terminee sans qu'il en eut coute la vie a un seul homme." His Majesty will look upon it, as one of the happiest issues of the expedition, that it may be accomplished, without costing the life of one man.

How sadly affecting and interesting are these words, when we recall to mind that every man of the expedition perished,—not one returning to tell a word of its fate,—and that the good and patriotic King who planned it for the welfare of his people, was harried by a mob in his palace, cast along with his Queen and children into a dungeon, —stripped and spat upon,—and then underwent for himself and family the direst crucifixion of soul and body at the hands of the infuriate savagery of his own city of Paris about the time that his gallant navigator La Perouse, and his companions were devoured by the savages of Vanikoro.

But this noble Frenchman is to be remembered for what he did, rather than on account of his sad fate. He was of the race of protestant Albigenses, who at one time waged a bitter war with the partisans of the Pope. He was an accomplished and courteous gentleman,—marked with favor at the court of the illustrious and unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and bore an unstained character like a pure and upright Huguenot noble. His valor was conspicuous under Admiral Conflans, and when this commander was defeated bp the English in 1759, La Perouse, then a youth of 18 years of age, was wounded and taken a prisoner. But after gaining his liberty he commands an expedition to destroy the factories and other establishments of the English in Hudson's Bay; and afterwards, from 1778 to 1780, we find him in command of a line-of-battle ship, cruising against the English in the West Indies, and along the coasts of Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas.

And now having won the favor of his Sovereign and of the distinguished men of his country, La Perouse is placed in command of two first-class frigates, L'Astrolabe and La Boussole,—well provided and appointed for a scientific expedition, that was a hope for the peace and the glory of his nation. The prayers of distracted patriots went with the noble seaman. And he, accompanied with many blessings and with royal gifts from the fair hands of Queen Marie Antoinette, set sail from Brest on the 1st of August, 1785, on a voyage of discovery and to divert unruly France.

The French navigator made many observations of value along the western coast of America, to the 60° north latitude. He visited, in 1786, the Hawaiian Islands, and anchored his two frigates off a point on the coast of the island of Maui, now known as Makena. He then observed a numerous and a hospitable race on this group. The recent tragic fate of Captain Cook had left no sinister impressions, and as La Perouse was earnest in carrying out the humane instructions of his sovereign in his dealing with the natives, he passed through this Archipelago without any loss or unpleasant encounter.

There is a tradition among the natives of Lanai, which would lead to the supposition that one of the frigates of La Perouse may have visited that island. A venerable native of Lanai, whom I knew well was named Hopuparani, or Caught-the-Frenchman. At the time of his death, which occurred about six years ago, he was evidently past 80 years of age, as stated by himself and friends, and it appeared likely that he might have been a baby in 1786. Now the tradition is that at the time of his birth, a man of war said to be from Parani, or France appeared off the island near Manele bay, and sent a boat ashore. On this occasion one of the foreign seamen absconded and secreted himself in the interior of the island. A reward was offered for the man's capture by the officer in command of the boat. A konohiki or sub-chief restored the runaway to his vessel, and as the arrest occurred on the day that the native man's wife gave birth to a son, the baby was named "Hopuparani" or Caught-the-Frenchman.

La Perouse made many important observations and some new discoveries in the North Pacific, of which he sent home full and valuable particulars by every opportunity. At the Ministry of the marine in Paris, there is a large docket of his despatches and charts. His last dispatch,—the last received in France, was sent from Botany bay, and dated February 7, 1788. After this a long dead silence. The anxious King and Queen of Versailles looked many a day for a message from their lost navigator. Even the turbulent people of France looked and hoped for the return of the brave mariner and his comrades, even as we English speaking people looked and longed awhile ago for the recovery and return of Livingstone. And furthermore the constituent Assembly of France, which was cynically and ruthlessly trampling under foot the authority, and all the personal privileges of the royal patrons of La Perouse, and was preparing the way for the agrarian horrors of 1793, yet shared so much the public anxiety in behalf of the long absent navigator,—that it voted funds for the publication of his despatches, and for the fitting out of another expedition to go in quest of him; and farthermore passed resolutions in the form of an appeal to all civilized states to aid in succoring La Perouse, who had been sent out on a mission of peace and in behalf of humanity.

The expedition sent in quest, ended disastrously. Two frigates, named "L'Esperance" and "La Recherche" cruised in vain in 1791 to get some tidings of the lost La Perouse. Both Commanders of these two ships—Bruni d'Entrecasteaux, and his lieutenant commander died at sea, near where La Perouse perished,—and both ships were captured by the Dutch of Batavia.

The reign of terror came for France. The royal sufferers looked to the last for some word from La Perouse. But no word came, and Kings and Emperors had passed away, till in 1827, when Charles X, brother of Louis XVI, was King, there came news of the fate of La Perouse. The discovery was made by Capt. Dillon an English trader cruising among the groups of islands to the eastward of Australia. He found a sword hilt in the hands of a native at Tucopia or Tikopia, an island lying between the Solomon and New Hebrides Archipelagoes, and was told that more such articles could be found among islands lying farther north. As he was bound for India, he reported on arrival the interesting relic to the Governor of Bengal. The evidences of a monogram and crest satisfied both Governor and Captain that this sword hilt had belonged to La Perouse. The intelligent and enlightened Governor remembering the appeal of the Assembly of France, and the long anxiety of her people, at once fitted out a vessel at his own expense, which he named the "Research," and placed Dillon in command. He returned to the points indicated, and whilst examining the coral reefs that line the shores of Vanikoro, one of the islands of the group named Santa Cruz, he observed in the translucent waters as he boated along numerous articles of iron and brass, rings, bars, bolts, cannon, and a bell with the name of the foundry at Brest plainly legible. Here were unmistakeably the relics of the wreck of "L'Astrolabe" and "La Boussole." A few particulars were reluctantly obtained from fearful old savages of the island. They said that both ships had struck at once. That the chief of the whites stayed with his people some time on the island,—and after many had died, a portion of the strangers sailed away in a boat of their own construction. But the opinion of Captain Dillon was that La Prouse and his men had been destroyed by the savages. There was no trace of any foreign work or residence on shore. It was evident that the ships must have speedily gone to pieces on a far outlaying reef, and that the shipwrecked people, could not have passed through a long line of dangerous surf and reached the shore with any means of subsistence or defence in their hands. And as these savages of Vanikoro had been in the habit of destroying castaways, it is not likely that they would spare the brave navigator who was at one time the hope of France, any more than any other sailor.

The observations of Capt. Dillon were fully confirmed shortly afterwards by Capt. Dumont d'Urville, who in another French ship of war named "L'Astrolabe," visited Vanikoro in 1828. He erected a stone obelisk near the scene of the wreck, and placed on it this inscription, inscribed on a metal tablet:

"A la memoire
de La Perouse
et de ses compagnons.
L'Astrolabe
14 Mars, 1828."

The relics of the lost frigates were transported to France. They were arranged in the form of an obelisk, with the bronze bell of La Perouse's ship on top, and placed at the entrance of the Marine Museum of the Louvre, in Paris. There I saw them in 1854, but the communists and the petroleuses disturbed them during the latest furies of a mob, whose fathers martyrized the good King Louis, and who perhaps would not have spared,—had he returned home alive when looked for,—the aristocratic, though famous navigator, Count Galaup de la Perouse.

W. M. G.

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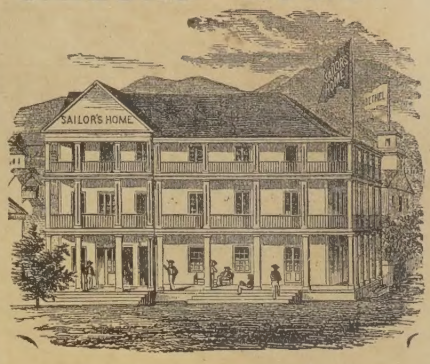

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Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

[From the Watchman.]

"He Shall Sit as a Refiner and Purifier of Silver."

BY A. J. H.

In thy crucible, O Lord,
Try me by thy perfect word;
Kindle thou the flaming fire,
Feed it with thy "righteous ire;"
Seven times hotter than of yore
Thy three ancient worthies bore.

Let the sordid dross of Fear,
Doubt and Envy disappear;
Base alloy of worldly Fame,
Melt it in the cleansing flame;
Sit thou, Lord, upon my heart,
Act thou the refiner's part.

Heating still the moulten cup,
Till thy face it mirrors up;
Thine own spirit with me stay,
And be in me day by day,
Till I praise with heart and lyre
Thee and thy refining fire.

Marston's Mills, Mass.

Is Faith Inherited?

BY WM. R. TERRETT.

Infidels are very fond of saying scornfully that Christians inherit their faith from their ancestors, just as they receive their properties and their names. The inference from such statements evidently is that the fact that Christians receive in childhood from the instruction and example of their parents and teachers predispositions in favor of certain doctrines,—that this fact ts in itself a reason why they should suspect the truth of these doctrines. As sneers are usually more powerful than arguments, I am not surprised to find that this assumption has influence enough to disturb the convictions of many minds. Yet a moment's serious thought will show how groundless is the sceptic's scoff. The believers in all religions alike accept the doctrines held by their ancestors, and, at first, because they are held by their ancestors; therefore all religions are alike false. This is a fair statement of the view of which I am speaking for the sake of argument, let us suppose that any system of religious doctrine should be discovered or revealed whose proofs were so absolutely conclusive and demonstrative that they excluded the possibility of doubt, would there be any other way of propagating and preserving such undoubted truth, and of giving it full and controling sway over the minds of succeeding generations than that of implanting it firmly by early instrnction in the opening intellects of the young? And would the fact that age after age received it thus "by inheritance," be any reason why its sure evidences should be distrusted?

Christians believe, many Christians *know*, that the faith they cherish is God's eternal truth. Would they not then be guilty of great oruelty if they permitted their children to grow up around them without making an effort to inspire them with preferences, principles,—prejudices, if you will,—in favor of what they believe to be the word of God? Shall we, under the pretence of permitting our sons and daughters to form unbiased judgments and acquire independent and original convictions, yield up their susceptible young minds to the prepossession of all falsehood and folly, rather than endeavor to hand down to them the faith and hope in which we have found peace and comfort?

SIT MOON.—We are happy to welcome back our Colporteur after his missionary visits among his countrymen on the Island of Hawaii. He was well received by them. He was at Hilo on the day—May 10th—when the tidal wave visited that harbor, and gives a most vivid account of the sad destruction of lives and property. At the Sabbath evening service, after his return to Honolulu, he preached upon the closing verses of our Savior's sermon upon the Mount, and improved the opportunity to impress upon his hearets the importance of building their hopes for eternity upon the "Rock," and not upon the "Sand."

☞ Our faithful and efficient Secretary, Geo. P. Castle, Esq., reports that owing to the inclemency of the weather the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was not held last month.

A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

The law is not now a *covenant*, still it is a *rule*. Though we cannot be justified, we must be guided, by it.—1 Tim. i. 8; Rom. vii. 7.

What Christ procured at the expense of his labors, sufferings and death, we are invited to come and receive, "without money, and without price."

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator, is the very extensiveness of his bounty.—*Paley.*

The finest church in New England is in Boston—Rev. Phillips Brooks'—and cost $750,000.

"He is My Minister."

Some of the people didn't like him. They were free to express their dislikes. Nor were they careful where they did it, and to whom. Some did it in the sewing circle. As one young lady did so to another, and asked her opinion, her reply was: *He is my Minister.*

She did not regard him as perfect. A better minister would have pleased her. But he was her minister, and she did not feel at liberty to set herself against him, and to join with others, and members of the church too, in backbiting him. It had been written: "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people;" and would it be any less sinful to speak evil of the minister who had been set over her in the Lord?

Ministers are but men. They have their failings. None of them are perfect. They are not above the need of charity. And if we would not impair their influence, and stand in the way of their usefulness, we must be careful how we handle their reputation. When that is gone, all is gone with a minister. His capital for doing good is lost. Whether he be a bad man or not, when his people come to think him so, or to suspect that he is so, whatever his other qualifications may be, he can accomplish but little for their spiritual benefit. Like Cæsar's wife, he must be so, he must guard well his own reputation; and all who would desire and seek his well-being and usefulness, must consider well what they may say concerning him. S.

A TESTIMONY.—"I know very little about Mr. Moody," said a gentleman in a horse car the other day, "but I do know that since he has been here my son has constantly attended the meetings, has kept good company, and has shown more interest in the welfare of his fellow-men than ever before; and for this I am grateful."

It is good to be kin to the noble and great,
It is good to be heir to a vast estate,
But 'tis better yet, I think,—don't you?—
To be able to "paddle your own canoe."

So smile on the humble as well as the great;
For dead men's shoes never care to wait;
But strive to be useful and brave and true,
And be proud to "paddle your own canoe."

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself, was asked what motive he could have in so doing. He replied that he had two good and substantial reasons. In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place he liked to hear a sensible man talk.

When a man spends three millions of dollors on a private house to reside in we begin to think there is something wrong in his finances. Extravagance is a sign of weakness always.

Saying it is so, does not make it so. Believing it to be right, does not make it right.